



# Number 297



6 0 2

## Chapter 1 by MrKetchupBanana

The jet black motorcycle sped along the wet streets of London. It was the 31st of December. Exactly 2:37 am. Only a day till the new year. The engine silently stopped as the motorcyclist

**Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8** (1 draft)

You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

[Submit draft](#)

Write a comment...

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

[About](#) [Rooms](#) [Feedback](#)